A REPLY

TO

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Mr. *Richard Bolton*

OF

BRAZEN-NOSE-COLLEGE in OXFORD;

Occasion'd by his presuming to Dedicate

His Last Piece

TO

Dr. *CHARLES GOODALL*,

One of the Censors of the *College* of *Physicians*.

By *CHARLES LEIGH*,
Doctor of Physick.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Sprint*, at the *Bell* in *Little-Britain*, 1698.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

A LETTER *from the Learned and Reverend Dr.* Charles Goodall, *one of the* Cenſors *of the* College of Phyſicians, *and Phyſician to the* Charter-Houſe *in* London.

his to his Honoured Friend, Dr. Leigh, *at his Houſe in* Manchester, Lancaſhire. London, December 6. 1698.

SIR,

YOUR Letter of the 3d of this Month I receiv'd the laſt Night, and do return you my Thanks for it, and own your writing to me about Mr. *Bolton*'s Book, as a particular Favour; he having by no means oblig'd me by his rude and unmannerly Reflections upon you; who, I am ſenſible, are not therein treated either as a Graduate Phyſician, a Gentleman, or a Scholar. The Language and Reflections I own to be ſuch, as no Man of good Breeding, much leſs any Cenſor of the *College of Phyſicians*, would paſs with an *Imprimatur*. I do believe that Mr. *Bolton* had merited the Favour of many Members of the College, by two little Books which he publiſh'd, and were licens'd by the Preſident and Cenſors, being look'd upon as Specimens of Induſtry and Ingenuity, and therefore to be encouraged: But wherein he hath exceeded the Bounds of Learning

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and Modeſty, he muſt anſwer for his Folly.

As to his writing againſt Mr. *Colbatch*, I muſt own that I did encourage him thereto, he having ſo rudely treated the Univerſities, College of Phyſicians, and the moſt learned Men of our Faculty, and likewiſe publiſhed and defended ſuch an erroneous Hypotheſis, and rais'd ſuch a dangerous Superſtructure thereon, which I fear will prove fatal to many, if made uſe of by weak and unthinking Phyſicians. Yet notwithſtanding Mr. *Colbatch* hath deſerved ill of learned Men, and the Publick, for the Reaſons now given, yet I cannot commend Mr. *Bolton*'s treating him in the manner which he hath done; which was ſo far from my Approbation and Good-liking, that, at the ſame time I encouraged him to anſwer Mr. *Colbatch*'s Books, I earneſtly requeſted him to read the learned and ingenious Mr. *Boyle*'s Book againſt Dr. *Bentley* (with Care and Obſervation) and to imitate (as much as he could) that excellent Author, in his Reply to Mr. *Colbatch*. But how he hath herein followed my Advice, or the Original propoſed, I leave you and all learned Men to judge.

I am truly ſorry, that in the Particulars you mention, he hath not only diſoblig'd me, and many others, but highly injur'd his own Reputation, which I do believe, a little time will make him ſenſible of. Sir, I have herein given you a ſhort and faithful Account of this Affair, which I hope will be ſatisfactory to you:

And

d if in any thing I can father ſerve you, pleas'd to command,

S I R,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Charles Goodall.

Hat he may be ſatisfy'd he is not the Man he takes himſelf for, I have printed Dr. *Good*-'s Letter to me, and given him a Reply to laſt Piece, ſo far as relates to my ſelf. In at Reply I found ſuch illiterate Arguments, ch mean and trifling Reflections, ſuch a pro-und Ignorance of the Latin Tongue, I once ncluded to have been ſilent, being aſſured e Piece was a better Anſwer to it ſelf, than uld be given from another And. But ſince me Perſons were pleas'd to alledge, that it s patroniz'd by one of the Cenſors of the *lege of Phyſicians*, I have therefore, to vindi-e both him and my ſelf, made theſe pub-k.

When the moſt abſtruſe Points in Philoſophy reduc'd to dogmatical Aſſertions, and the ſt exalted and uſeful Topicks in Phyſick become the ſportive Rattles of unthink-Striplings; when Metaphorical Suppoſitions ſt paſs for Anatomical Demonſtrations, and rogance and Noiſe are the Weapons of in-cible Confutation; when Impudence and rrility are Arguments of Proof againſt all ional Attacks, it's high time to tell the Youth, has err'd, to reject the uſe of Lenitives, and to more potent Applications. With what

Assurance does he make it evident, that th
Animal Spirits move slower than the Blood
He sure never entertain'd any Notion
Thought, had no abstracted Speculations of i
Velocity. Their unaccountable Agility in vo
luntary Motion, evidently demonstrates th
contrary. In the first place he asserts, but n
where proves, the Animal Spirits to be a swe
oily Mucilage. Now, by the bye, Did h
ever see or taste the Animal Spirits? were the
a sweet oily Mucilage he might do both. O
thers yet with the most accurate Glasses coul
never discover them. What need I had of Sp
ctacles I know not as yet, I thank God for it
But I am sure to make such Discoveries as ar
there asserted, bespeak him to be one of th
greatest *Virtuosi* the World ever yet has seen
And I do again tell him, that did there such
Mucilage as he mentions, circulate through th
Nerves, the Nerve would either swell abov
the Ligature, or by the Section of a Nerv
the Mucilage might be squeezed from it. An
what he offers to those Arguments is but a p
tiful Evasion, and no Solution at all: For if th
Motion of the Mucilage be so slow as he a
serts, it is not to be imagin'd, that upon th
cutting of a Nerve, it should make so quick an
instantaneous a return through its Branches, a
that it should not be possible to discover i
For by this way of arguing, he might as we
tell me, a Snail will make a swift *Newmark*
Courser, or a Man of his poor pity'd pitch o
Learning a profound Philosopher. Dr. *Lis*
I guess, will not thank him for what he has sa

in anſwer to the Controverſie betwixt us two; for in my inſtancing in the Kennel-pit-water at *Haigh* in *Lancaſhire*, it was not to prove an Acid in Water, which, he ſays, no body ever deny'd, but to prove there was perfect concocted Vitriol in Water; which was what the Dr. deny'd. His Remarks and Quibbles about my Notions of hot Baths, are not worth anſwering: And I do again affirm, That Hypotheſis was never before laid down by any; and what ſome had formerly alledged was, That the Heat in thoſe Waters was cauſed either by Fermentation of Sulphureous, and other Heterogeneous Particles, or by Subterraneous Fires; both of which in the Exercitations I have fully confuted. Wherefore I aſſign'd a third Cauſe (*viz.*) a Colliſion of Sulphureous Particles. But I find he has either not the Senſe, or Sincerity, to diſtinguiſh betwixt Fermentation and Colliſion: And indeed, I think, both the Inſtances he has produc'd, do him no Service. The Parallel does not hold: unleſs he can demonſtrate, that, as the Fire heats the Water, the Water makes the Fire to burn; and I think he has a Stock of Ignorance and Impudence to attempt it. With what an accurate Ken, with what pungent Sophiſtry, with how admirable a turn of a Fæculent Brain did he diſcover *Ingenium Acerrimum* to be a *ſour* Wit? What could produce ſuch a ſingular Conſtruction, but the Dawnings of immature Conceptions? But now to expiate for ſo awkard a Conſtruction, he proceeds to a more conſpicuous Dilemma, falls foul upon Caſe and Rule, and magiſteri-

ally affirms, *Opinioni haud naturæ ſe Credidit*, to be falſe *Latin*: This he aſſerts in a notorious Paraphraſe, bids Defiance to Grammar and Authority. The Unintelligible World, till now, miſtook the Preſident was delirous with luxuriant Thought, and drew erroneous Charts of imagin'd Shores; not *Cicero*, *Seneca*, nor *Terence*, with all their Train of Oratory; not the three Sons of *Parnaſſus*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid*, the Delight and Glory of *Auguſtus*'s Court, when the *Roman* Tongue had acquired its ἀκμὴ, ſhall be Standards to this renowned Triſler. But to ſet him ſtraight in this, I ſhall lay before him the following Authorities. In the firſt place, the Sentence he recites out of my Exercitations, is an Expreſſion in *Seneca*'s Epiſtles; whoſe Authority alone had been ſufficient to vindicate me, had I had no other: But to ſhew him *Credo* frequently governs an Accuſative with a Dative Caſe, let him take notice of the following Quotations. *Credere ſe Neptuno*, is a Sentence in *Plautus*, *Credere ſe Cælo præpetibus pennis*. Virgil; and theſe Words, I think, are applicable to him; for I doubt not but he has a Head Chimerical enough to afford him Wings to fly with, if the Lapwing would but have Patience to ſtay till the Shell dropt off his Head. *Credere ſuum animum alicui*, Terence. *Credere uni omnia*, Cicero. *Libris Arcana Credere*, Horace. *Veritus ſe Credere noctis*, Ovid. Wherefore for ſhame, let him not ſet up for an Author, but quit the Preſs, *Oxford* and his Addreſſes to the College, and return to the Grammar School at *Cheſter*; and by that means

he

be will leave us room to think he may in time be ſomething; and perhaps he may by frequent Laſhing be qualify'd for the Univerſity. And ſince in his uſual Method of acting the Plagiary, he has ſtole a Receipt for me, let him take this Advice: Before he writes, let him think; afterwards conſult his Friends; and to prevent a Relapſe of his Diſtemper, then burn his Papers: He then, like a raſh unthinking Adventurer, may expire in Fire and Smoke, and not become the diſhonourable Refuſe of a Common-Shoar. His carping at the two Words *pro me*, farther confirms his Ignorance in the *Latin* Tongue; for as I uſe them, they are frequently uſed by *Plautus* and ſeveral modern Authors, particularly Dr. *Liſter*; ſo that if he blames me, he muſt likewiſe blame the Doctor, and not ſhelter himſelf from a juſt Rebuke; becauſe I had formerly oppos'd the Doctor: And when ever I ſee an Anſwer to thoſe Arguments alledged againſt the Doctor's Hypotheſis, I ſhall freely ask his Pardon, if I be found in an Error; if not, I hope I have the Liberty of Thought. I do believe the Doctor will be aſhamed to be quoted by ſuch a Trifler. But, upon my Word, it ſhew'd him to be a Man of invincible Courage, to be ſo daring as to encounter thoſe two Words *Pro me*; and had he never exceeded the Pronouns and Prepoſitions, he had eaſed the World of a great deal of *Jargon*, and kept himſelf in his due Limits; and ſo the Crane and the Pigmies might have fought about the Knots in a Bull-ruſh. Another Expreſſion of mine he carps at is *In proclivi eſt*;

eſt; where he ſays it ought to be *In prompta eſt*: but I ſhall produce him a parallel Sentence from *Terence*, and tranſlate it for him, ſince I ſee he cannot do it; and it is this, *Id faciam in proclivi quod eſt, per me ſtetiſſe ut credat*: Where by thoſe Words *In proclivi quod eſt*, is meant no more than *what is eaſie* or *ready*, which is in the Senſe I writ it.

He likewiſe quarrels with theſe Words, *Sic Regero*; and in that I tell him as I expreſs it, it is conſtantly taken in Philoſophy; that is, *I reply thus*. His Inſtance from Dr. *Willis* can in no wiſe reſcue him from the falſe Experiment he impoſed upon the World, ſince the Doctor never aſſerted ſuch a Paradox, and would have ſcorned to impoſe ſuch a Falſity upon us. The Matter of Fact ſtill ſtands Evidence againſt him: The Doctor's Notions of *Fevers* are grounded upon his Principles of *Fermentation*, which is quite contrary to what I have aſſerted: For I have made it highly probable that *Fevers* and inflammatory Diſtempers are not cauſed by Fermentations, but by Saline Particles coagulating the *Serum* or *Lympha* of the Blood; but, Poor Man, to ſerve a turn, how miſerably can he mangle that Author? and when he finds himſelf at a Pinch; then, like a moſt barbarous *Tartar*, defaces and ruins the ſpacious Plains he was foraging in, and ſtraight removes to a remoter Clime: Whence it is evident my Notions of *Fevers* and Inflammatory Diſeaſes could not, as he alledges, be borrowed from Dr. *Willis*: Wherefore to ſatisfie his Curioſity, I will allow him, Dr. *Willis*

Willis lived before I did; But do affirm, I have not in any one thing, which I have laid down as an *Hypothesis*, borrowed from that Eminent Author. But I can assure him this, barring his own fictitious and false Foundation of all his Works, if each Bird pluckt its own Feathers from him he would be expos'd as naked to the World as he came there. In answer to that which he alledges, that my Exercitations were printed at a private Press in *Oxford*; and that they were denied an *Imprimatur* from the College, is notoriously false; for in the first place they were printed at *Litchfield*'s Press, which is a publick one, and allow'd of by the University. In the second Place, the College was never sollicited by me for an *Imprimatur*; because in one of the Exercitations I had opposed one of the Censors, and therefore concluded it might be esteemed ill Manners to desire an *Imprimatur* from them.

His Objections against my Chapter of *Dropsies*, are of the same Stamp: For what things I have assign'd as the various Causes of those Distempers, he brings in as the Effects: But since he never yet assigned a true Cause for any thing, I can readily pardon his Mistake, and reasonably conclude he is not able to distinguish the one from the other. And if so, I hope the Patient that is so Fool-hardy to commit himself to the Instructions of this most eminent Person, will settle his Concerns before, and be throughly prepared for another World, since he has two potent Enemies

mies to encounter, a dangerous Diſtemper and a moſt unmerciful Pretender. But what made him to amuſe us with his *Arabick* Word *Acaid*; ſince from what has been obſerved, it is demonſtrably evident, he is as much a Stranger to the Letters in that Language as he is to their Perſons? But I preſume, upon ſome Chirurgeons Arms in *London* he had obſerved a *Greek* Word or two; wherefore prevailed with ſome Friend to ſupply him with the like Stock of the Eaſtern Dialect, that he might be thought Maſter of the Oriental Treaſures. And ſince he has reduced the *Materia Medica* to an Old Woman with two Receipts, I hope he'll be ſo kind to curtail our *Engliſh* Diſpenſatory.—— That he may be brought to a rational Apprehenſion, that he may, if 'tis poſſible, eſcape that Place with which he ſo fooliſhly, impudently, and frequently threatens me.

I hope he'll reflect on his own Imperfections; for I aſſure him I do vehemently ſuſpect that his frivolous, inconnected, and roving way of Writing, and one of the Statues in *Moor-fields*, are ſo lively Emblems of a Raving Madneſs, that it threatens him with a Viſit thither. I muſt confeſs the Remarks upon his Piece concerning the Heat of the Blood, were in a Stile too light for the Gravity and Sobriety of Philoſophy; but they were only deſign'd as a Ridicule upon his wild extravagant Notions, to ſhew him the Vanity of that way of Writing, a Method as I thought the moſt likely to reclaim him.

him. Where the greateſt Men for their Knowledge in Philoſophy the World ever yet has ſeen, have been ſunk in Contemplation in the unſearchable Works and Operations of Nature, he dogmatically aſſerts, and pretends mechanically to demonſtrate, the Learn'd *Charleton*, *Borellus*, and *Steno*, have made large Diſcoveries in Muſcular Motion, having reduced the various Figures of the Muſcles to Mathematical Demonſtrations: But alas, when we conſider of the Power that gives Motion to each Fibre in voluntary Motion, how defective and enervate are all their elaborate Problems! But he, mighty Man, has out-ſtript all theſe Heroes in Philoſophy, he only the Champion, he the Dwarf upon the Giants Shoulders. The Learned *Willis*, *Crone*, *Mayow* and *Cooper*, have ſupply'd us with polite and learned Hypotheſes, yet faulter all in the main Buſineſs. They cannot ſee what it is in voluntary Motion makes that Impulſe upon the Animal Spirits, that they can perform ſuch Motions, contrary to all the Rules of Mechaniſm: Here they are ſunk in an Abyſs of Thought. Cou'd the Learn'd *Bidloe*? Cou'd the Accurate *Cooper* give us thoſe lively Figures of the Muſcles, and diſſect their minuteſt Fibres? Cou'd they in the Scarſe Skin, ſeemingly barren of Variety of Veſſels, diſcover that infinite Number of Capillary Veins and Arteries, by mercurial Injections? Cou'd they in the more abſtruſe *Viſcera* diſcover the minuteſt *Glandules* and *Lymphaductis*? and

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in the *Cutis* the Diverſity of Pores, and miliary Glands, and not be able to diſcover Mr. *Bolton*'s Metaphorical Glands? It's ſtrange coy Nature ſhou'd thus obſtinately deny us ſo ineſtimable a Jewel. Nay, are we arriv'd to that Perfection in *Microſcopes*, that we cannot only have a lively Figure of the parts of a ſolid Body, but even the Figure of the Particles in Liquids? Is it poſſible then there ſhould be ſuch Glands as Mr. *Bolton* contends for, (*viz.*) Veſſels impleted with a Juice from the Arteries and Nerves? Can we by theſe Glaſſes diſcover the Globules of the Blood? the Forms of Plants in their Seeds? Animalcules, and each Particle of a Liquid, and not diſcern the Veſſel that contains the Liquor? If ſo, ſure now we are grown to that pur-blind Generation, that we cannot ſee the Wood for the Trees, or can diſcern each Grain in a Mole-Hill, but cannot diſcover a Mountain. Thus he may ſee his Metaphorical Glands upon which all his Works depend, are falſe and fictitious: So that his Foundation being now remov'd, his Caſtles in the Air muſt tumble down. I can with Laughter ridicule his *Utopian* Diſcoveries. He may if he thinks convenient proceed in that Method, I can eaſily think him as empty as the *Welch-man* that purchaſed the Pompion for the Mare's Egg, and doubt not but the one will as ſoon produce a Colt as he ſolve the *Phænomena* in Muſcular Motion. Thus he may ſee what he has alledg'd is upon a Sandy Bottom; From the

the Premiſſes we may draw quite different Corollaries. What he urges is highly irrational, and only begging the Queſtion, a Method he ſure knows, the pooreſt way of arguing. I do aſſure him (though he is pleaſed to challenge me) I do not, nor ever did envy his Succeſs.

And ſince he underſtands not the Claſſick Authors, as I have made it undeniably evident from the beſt Authorities, he does not; he may be aſſured till he qualifies himſelf better to write, I ſhall not give him or my ſelf any Trouble in this nature.

Poor Animal, his Gumms were ſwell'd with Rancour, but he wanted Teeth to bite with. I hope he'll be ſo kind to himſelf to purchaſe a Whiſtle and a Coral to break the envenom'd Tumour, tho' no one needs to fear the Bite of ſo harmleſs a Creature. But now, to convince the World what little Deference he has for Learning, and how far he has tranſgreſs'd all the Rules of common Modeſty, let him conſult his own Letter, writ to a Friend of his at *Cheſter*, under whoſe Tuition he ought yet to be. In that he tells him he was little alter'd with the Air at *Oxford*; He expected indeed to have found it a Place of Learning, but, to his great Diſappointment, he found it, for the greateſt part, a Seat of Loggerheads; that the Exerciſe there was ſo mean and trifling, he cou'd by ſtudying one Hour in twenty four qualifie himſelf for the performance of it; That when he diſputed, he only talk'd to the Dean and Moderator, the reſt not being able

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to discourse him: That he had only the faction to see the Respondent is silent; that with a Month's Study he could qu himself for any Degree there. He farther ceeds upon his being Candidate for a Sch ship; That what Opposition he found, only from a Blockhead of three Years st ing. What Pity it was to nip him in his ea Bloom, to check him in his Tour, to illeg timate this Eaglet, who presumes he can g on a Meridian Sun, whilst his blear'd Eyes a dazl'd Organs obviously bespeak his Origin spurious.

Here indeed is unparallel'd Arrogance, and unpardonable Reflections upon one of the greatest Bodies of Learning in the Universe; so that his thoughtless Raillery against me is the less to be regarded. Nor had I now taken notice of his empty Abuses, had he not shelter'd himself under the Patronage of so eminent a Person: And let him be assured, shall not hereafter, without greater Proofs of Modesty and Learning, trouble my self with such an Adversary. I cou'd enumerate more egregious Follies in the Piece of the same Stamp; but what have been observed are sufficient. I shall not therefore trouble the World with any more of his *undigested Rhaldry*.

FINIS.